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From Ned Buntline's Own.

LOOK TO HEAVEN.

BY ALLIE VERNON.

Look to Heaven! when life's sadness
Overshades thy spirit's gladness;
When thy heart is lone and weary,
And the world seems dark and dreary,
When all ties of love are riven,
Look to Heaven! look to Heaven!

Look to Heaven! for there only
Peace is promised to the lonely;
There a Saviour bends to hear thee,
There are angels bright to cheer thee,
There to thee glad hopes are given,
Look to Heaven! look to Heaven!

Look to Heaven! though friends leave thee,
Though dark cares may crush and grieve thee,
Though the heart be full of anguish,
Though thou'rt doomed to fade and languish
As a dying flow'r at even,
Look to Heaven! look to Heaven!

From the Wisconsin Free Democrat.

THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

"Much hast thou seen, fair youth—heard; but thou
Hast never seen a death-bed—never heard
A dying groan! Man saw it often, 'twas sad,
To all most sorrowful and sad—to guilt
'Twas anguish—terror—darkness without bow!"

POLLOK.

Within the precincts of a lonely, humble cottage, a lovely girl was dying. Upon her cheek the rose of health had bloomed for sixteen summers; but now its tint and its loveliness were passing away. She was one of the favored few, who combine symetry and fairness of features, with graces of a highly-gifted and richly-cultivated mind. She was free from those feelings of *hauteur* and pride, which prompts the fairest of her sex to trample on their inferiors in wealth, station or beauty. She had seemingly reached the acme of perfection, in the spring time of life; but, like the bruised reed, she had fallen—not from her own demerit, but in accordance with the mandate which decrees that the sins of the parent shall curse the innocent child. Her spirit, too pure and sensitive for earth, was about to wing its way to join kindred spirits, in a fairer clime. With the exception of her mother, she had been many days alone; but the mother had filled the place of parent, friend and physician. When it became apparent that her days were numbered, a physician was called, but he being absent, I obeyed the summons. I at once saw that human aid was futile,—that Heaven alone could cure. I administered an opiate, and she sunk into a restless sleep. After a short time she awoke, and thus addressed her mother:

"Mother, I have one wish to express, ere I die—it is a heart-cherished wish, the only one that may ever pass my lips. It is, that my father will receive my dying blessing. Fear not his anger, because of our seclusion; and though he be under the influence of his morning drams, tell him it is my last wish. He will—he must obey. The impress of death is now upon my brow, and ere the setting sun, I may be in the land of spirits. When I think of you dearest of mothers, and the fond associations of my early years, I almost wish to remain on earth, to be a solace and support to you in the decline of life, and soothe, if possible, your passage to the grave. When I think of the endearments of our cottage home, to which you may one day return—of the vine-clad arbor, to which I so often repaired in my innocence and infancy—of the grassy mound, where, in child-like sincerity, I knelt to breathe a prayer for a degraded father—the tear will start unbidden, and trickle down my fevered cheek, I feel a presentment that my prayers will yet be answered, and that he, who was once a kind and indulgent parent, will meet me in a better world. Should I pass away unseen by him, tell him that my last prayer was offered for him—that my last, *last* words, were uttered for his return to the paths of sobriety and virtue. Tell him to read Helen's Reward—'twas my Sabbath School teacher's gift; it may perchance guide him where it has pointed me—to Heaven. Dear mother! my time is brief! —a few moments, and the last earthly struggle will be over, and I shall sweetly rest, free from the turmoils of earth, in the arms of Him who blessed me. I submit to the decree of Heaven without a murmur, for I feel that 'all is well.'"

The tapers of her soul were dimmed by the icy hand of death. Her voice became feeble from the last effort of expiring nature—it ceased!—She sank into that slumber, from which she was never to awaken, until the morning of the resurrection.

The father came, but too late! the current of life had ceased to flow in the bosom of his child.—He spoke not, but approached the bed whereon lay the wasted form of his dead child. The crystal tear still glistened upon her cheek—the smile of peace was still wreathed around her hueless lips; but he knew that her voice was forever hushed, in the stillness of death. He placed his hand upon her brow, but the cold, clammy drops of the grave repulsed him. He clasped her tiny hand in his, while ever and anon he cast a furtive glance around the naked walls of his lowly, wretched habitation. His troubled gaze rested upon the lifeless form before him, the idol of his by-gone days. He felt that his own brutal conduct had caused that death-bed scene,—that his own hand, aided by the damning influence of alcohol, had closed his daughter's eyes for the embrace of death. The thoughts of the past, crowded upon his soul in fearful succession,—the tear-drop trembled upon his eyelid, and fell! Remorse for the past called forth many bitter expressions of regret, and for a time

"Sigh answered sigh, and tear a falling tear."

Reason had resumed her throne, and the foundation of his adamantine heart was again unsealed —its channels were reopened, from which issued tears of deep and heart-felt contrition,—the impress of humanity was stamped upon his features, and he was again a man.

Upon a rude block, in one corner of the room, I remained a silent, though an interested spectator. I looked upon the passing events with painfully pleasing emotions—painfully, on account of the causes which conspired to produce them, and pleasing, because of the effect then visible, and of that which was likely to follow. With high-wrought anticipation, I awaited the moment when he should address the partner of his bosom, in the language of other days. She stood at the shattered window, looking out. Her disheveled hair, and wild and sorrowing looks, rendered her a sad and sickening resemblance of a drunkard's wife. The looked-for moment came—a trembling voice pronounced the name of Mary. She turned towards her husband, a gleam of joy enlivening her brow, and her eye brightening at the remembrance of happier days and the hope of returning kindness, as she responded to his tremulous call. They met—their vows were exchanged—the husband promising fidelity and reformation, and the wife forgiveness and forgetfulness of the past; and then that being whom he had sworn at the altar to love, cherish, and protect, but whom he had, by his inhuman conduct, reduced to the last extremity of wretchedness and wo, was again, to him, the dearest idol of his existence.

Before the hand of intemperance had blasted his fairest hopes of happiness—before the demoralizing influence of alcohol had desecrated and destroyed the family altar—before the tender bud had withered upon its parent stem, they had been accustomed to kneel at the Throne of Grace, and offer up their morning and evening sacrifices. In remembrance thereof, they knelt beside the couch where Helen lay, and the voice of the drunkard's wife was raised in suplication to the God, who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

"Save him," said the sorrow-stricken suppliant, "from temptation, forgive all his transgressions, clothe him in the vestal robes of purity, and permit him to have a place at thy right hand, with the redeemed of God."

And as the erring, though repentant object of that prayer responded, I indeed felt that God was there. I felt that angels were hovering near, to catch the glowing accents of contrition as they fell from his lips, and bear them to the spirit of the departed one.

They arose from their prayerful attitude. I bade them adieu, and left them to commune with their own secret thoughts undisturbed. Wrapped in meditation, I returned to my abode, with my mind deeply impressed with the scenes which I had that day witnessed.

"I have learned to look on Nature—
Not as in the hour of thoughtless youth,
But hearing, often times, the still, sad music of humanity.

Not harsh nor grating, but of ample power
To chasten and subdue."

Reader should you ever visit the lovely village of C——, on the banks of the dark, rippling Housatonic, single out its most beautiful habitation—exchange greetings with its inmates—they will show you their daughter's arbor, wherein the name of Helen is rudely carved, and a grassy mound, and will relate to you all the tender, though melancholy reminiscences of by-gone days. They will portray to you, in living colors, the blessings of sobriety, and tell you a tale of suffering in which fiction bears no part—the simple narrative of the "Drunkard's Child."

Written for the Great West.

EMMA LEE.

BY CARRY CARTER.

"Let me alone, I say, and don't tease me with such nonsense!"

These words were addressed by Mary Ashton to her little sister Lucy, who had just been requesting her assistance in some little piece of fancy-work upon which she seemed to have set her whole heart. Mary Ashton was the acknowledged belle of the small town she lived in, and those who only saw her in company thought her amiable and generous. So she appeared everywhere but at home; there she showed a most selfish and passionate temper. Perhaps, however, Mary would not have addressed so harsh a reproof to her little sister, had she known that a young man, who was among the most ardent and favored of her admirers, was loitering along the street behind the trees which hid the porch where she was sitting from view, snd was an unintentional listener to her. This young man was Robert Lindley, a young lawyer, whose father was one of the most wealthy merchants of New York.—Robert, though as yet a stranger in this little town, had seen Mary Ashton several times, and her beauty and attractive manners had inspired him with a passion, which even the angry words which he had just heard, and a glimpse of the pettish and unamiable expression of Mary's face, as he passed by, could not conquer.

But Robert had also become acquainted with another young lady, whose name was Emma Lee. She was far less beautiful than Mary, but though reserved and retiring in company, she was beloved by all who knew her, for her unassuming manners and her sweet temper. She lived only a few steps distant from Mary, and as Robert passed by, he heard the sounds of merry laughter from among the trees and shrubs. A group of children, Emma's brothers and sisters, were playing in the front yard. and Emma was among them, seeming as gay and happy as they. assisting them in all their games, her face beaming with kindness and good-nature, and at that moment, she looked really more beautiful to Robert than Mary Ashton. This impression, however, soon wore away; and when, a few days after, they all met at an evening party, he devoted himself entirely to Mary Ashton, during the whole evening, and attended her to her home.—The next morning, many busy tongues were employed in circulating the report, that Robert Lindley and Mary Ashton were engaged. Robert had been enchanted by Mary's beauty, and on his part it was undoubtedly a love-match; how much Mary was influenced by Robert's reputed wealth, will soon appear.

A few weeks after this engagement, Robert, while riding with some friends, was thrown from his horse, and fractured his arm so badly that a long and painful illness was the consequence.

He recovered only to learn that his father had failed, leaving his son nothing but his profession to depend upon for a support. A few days afterwards Robert received a note from Mary, from which we will make but one extract, as follows:

"You cannot, of course, under the present circumstances, expect me to fulfill our engagement; and therefore I wish you to consider it as broken off."

As Robert's health was still feeble, these two circumstances, joined to the coldness of many who had professed to be his warmest friends, produced such an effect upon his mind, that he scarcely seemed to be the same person that he was before his misfortunes, and he had no heart to do anything for his own support. While in that state of mind, sauntering slowly down the street in which was the house of Mrs. Lee, he thought of Emma. "I will go in," said he to himself, "and see if Emma is less selfish than Mary Ashton." He knocked at the door, but not before he had twice turned away from it, half fearing a repulse. No one was at home but Emma. She received him with her usual kindness, tho' evidently much surprised at seeing him. Robert had not been long in her company before he discovered that she could converse most charmingly, and that she had as much wit, taste, and far more amiable temper, than her false but beautiful rival, Mary Ashton.

We will not repeat their conversation. It was probably more interesting to them than it would be to the reader, for the hours passed away unheeded, and it was nearly night when he rose to take his leave.

"I have lost many friends," said he, as they stood upon the door-step, "friends in name only; but *you*, Miss Lee, *you* do not think that wealth makes the man?"

"'Tis no merit with me," said she, laughing, while her bright black eyes sparkled with merriment, "for I do not possess wealth enough, myself, to despise those who have it not."

When Robert left the house, a new spirit seemed to have been awakened within his bosom. He applied himself to practising his profession, and while thus working out his own fortunes, he was a daily visitor at the house of Mr. Lee. Report, for once in the right, whispered that Emma was soon to become his wife.

Letters to Country Girls.

BY JANE G. SWISSHELM.

I have wanted, girls, for a long time to give you a long lecture on dress, not because you do not think enough about it, but because you do not think right. It is a very important matter to be well dressed, and most people feel this; but very few ever learn the art. Women waste more time and money disfiguring themselves, than in all other occupations and amusements. Yes, and they waste health and happiness along. There is an inconceivable amount of worse than useless sewing done in this country. Thousands of women ruin their health, send themselves to an untimely grave, putting in stitches that are neither useful nor ornamental. I believe you country girls are particularly addicted to this folly. Most of you make your own dresses, and few of you understand it well, consequently you imagine the more stitches you put in the better. Then, from want of a properly cultivated taste, you are addicted to buying cheap finery. You need not deny this to me for I know you too well. I have carried my slippers to meeting, and hid my coarse shoes behind a log a little too often, not to know how country girls dress. Your storekeepers know it too, and bring up such a parcel of cheap, tawdry, many-colored finery as would be likely to take the fancy of a set of Indians. If they can get lawn or calico with sixty-seven dozen colors in it, so much the better. You buy it—spend a great deal of time to make it up nicely—spatter it over with ruffles, folds and frumbles, that would disfigure anything. Then, the first time it is washed, fifty-two dozen of the colors fade; you have a dirty rag that is fit for nothing but to wipe the floor. You lament the loss of your money, but what of your *time?* The habit of sew, sew, sewing at a garment sixteen times as much as is necessary to make it, has become an evil of sufficient magnitude to require legislative interference. I once saw a city lady go to the country for *health*—pale, nervous, cross, miserable; with a little child as miserable as herself. By way of enjoying fresh air and exercise she sat down and sewed for two full days to *make an apron* for the child. There were folds, buttons and braid—frumples and fandangoes past count, and she had some dozen to make of the same sort, while the poor little child-martyr was condemned to imprisonment and stripes to prevent its disfiguring the evidence of its mother's insanity, which it wore on its poor, miserable little person. I never felt more strongly tempted to do anything than to roll mother and child, finery and work-basket in a mud-puddle. I really thought her husband should have been entitled to a divorce. Health, happiness and comfort were banished from his fireside by the sewing demon. She completely ruined her own health sewing, then murdered her children by inches to keep them from spoiling her work. A woman who cannot make half a dozen bibs for children, in one day, and with all the requisites of comfort and convenience, should never take a needle in her fingers. There, they have just sent for me to see a sick friend. I will finish my lecture on sewing next week, and give you some receipts for dress-making.

Female Education.

No woman is educated, says Burnap, who is not equal to the successful management of a family. Although it does not require as much talent to rule a household as to govern a state, still it requires talents of the same kind. As he makes the best general who has begun at the lowest post, and passed up through every grade of office—as he makes the best Admiral who entered the navy in the most inferior station, because they and they alone are acquainted with the whole compass of a subaltern's duty—so that woman will manage a family with the greatest care and efficiency, who knows experimentally the duties of every member of it.

Daughters who neglect this part of education are entirely without excuse, and their mothers are still more to blame. The very apology which is often made for the neglect of it is the greatest condemnation of those who offer it. It is said by those who are growing up in ignorance of these things, "Any one can learn how to keep house when it is necessary. Any one who loves her husband and is devoted to his interest will make herself accomplished in those things as soon as she is married." As well might the young man say, "Oh, what use is it for me to learn a profession, or make myself acquainted with the details of my business? When I am married, if I love my wife, it will then be time enough to learn a profession, or to accomplish myself in the details of business." Would there be any surer omen of total failure and discomfiture? That which a woman can learn to do under the tuition of love, can certainly be learned to much greater advantage under the tuition of a mother. If it is all so easy to learn, then certainly they are utterly inexcusable who neglect it. It is no degradation to the finest lady to know all the details of domestic affairs. It is honorable, and ought to be her pride. A woman though she may be as beautiful as the morning, as wise as Minerva, and as accomplished as the Graces, ought to know all the details of household affairs.

In Mount Clemen, Mich., the Sons have reduced the number of grog shops in that place, from twelve to four in a little more than a year.

Two rumsellers in Berkshire co. Mass. have been reformed and led into the Sons, with many of their former customers.

In Tuscaloosa co., Ala., one hundred drunkards have been reformed through the "Sons."

To SHAKE OFF TROUBLE.—Set about doing good to somebody; put on your hat, and go and visit the sick and the poor; inquire into their wants and administer unto them; seek out the desolate and oppressed, and tell them of the consolations of religion. I have often tried this method, and have always found it the best medicine for a heavy heart.—[Howard.

We find the following in the *Great West* where it appears as original. It strikes us that we have seen it before but as we are not certain we give that paper credit for it. Its editor is very jealous in such matters, and we would not offend him for anything. [Ed. Lily.

Very Beautiful.

Night kissed the young rose, and it went softly to sleep. And stars, and pure dew-drops fell upon its blushing bosom and watched its sweet slumbers. Morning came with its dancing breezes, and they whispered to the young rose, and it awoke joyous and smiling. Lightly it danced to and fro in all the loveliness of health and youthful innocence.

Then came the ardent sun-god sweeping from the east, and he smote the young rose with his golden shaft, and it fainted. Deserted and almost heart-broken, it dropped to the dust in its loneliness and despair.

Now the gentle breeze—which had been gamboling over the sea, pushing on the bark, sweeping over the hill and dale—by the neat cottage and the still brook—turning the old mill, fanning the fevered brow of disease, and tossing the curl of innocent childhood—came tripping along on her errand of mercy and love; and when she saw the young rose, she hastened to kiss it, and fondly bathed its forehead in cool refreshing showers, and the young rose revived, looked up and flung out its ruddy arms as if in gratitude to embrace the kind breeze; but she hurried quickly away, and went singing through the trees; her generous task was performed; yet not without regard, for she soon perceived that a delicious fragrance had been poured on her wings by the grateful rose. Thus true charity, like the breeze which gathers a fragrance from the humble flower it refreshes, unconsciously reaps a reward in the performance of its office of kindness and love, which steals through the heart, like a rich perfume, to bless and to cheer.

The Society of Women.—No society is more profitable, because none more refining and provocative of virtue, than that of refined and sensible women. God enshrined peculiar goodness in the form of woman, that her beauty might win, her gentle voice invite, and the desire of her favor persuade men's sterner souls to leave the path of sinful strife, for the ways of pleasantness and peace. But when woman falls from this blest eminence, and sinks the guardian and the cherisher of pure and rational enjoyments into the vain coquette, and flattered idolater of idol fashion, she is unworthy of an honorable man's love, or a sensible man's admiration. Beauty is then but at best

——————'A pretty play-thing,
Dear deceit.'——————

We honor the chivalrous deference which is paid in our land to women. It proves that our men know how to respect virtue and pure affection, and that our women are worthy of such respect. Yet women should be something more than mere women to win us to their society.—To be our companions, they should be fitted to be our friends; to rule our hearts, they should be deserving the approbation of our minds. There are many such, and that there are no more, is rather the fault of our own sex, than their own; and despite all the unmanly scandal that has been thrown upon them in prose and verse, they would rather share in the rational conversation of men of sense, than listen to the silly compliments of fools; and a man dishonors them as well as disgraces himself, when he seeks their circle for idle pass-time, and not for the improvement of his mind and the elevation of his heart.

It runs both High and Low.—There is no man, however high, but who is jealous of some one; and there is no man, however low, but who has some one who is jealous of him.

Talleyrand said that happiness depended on a hard heart and a good stomach.

A Mother's Influence.

The details of the following narrative, are facts given almost in the words of the young man who is the subject thereof, and it conveys a lesson fraught with much instruction, especially to those mothers whose influence is not favorable to the cause of total abstinence.

"I am," said J. B., "twenty-three years of age, and in me you see the miserable wreck of a man whose evil destiny by a mother's ill directed influence, and mistaken views of etiquette; nay, she was the blind slave of a pernicious fashion.—When I was eighteen years, I was a young man of promise; my education was liberal, and my advantages had not been neglected. I was a close and attentive student. I had entered —— College to complete my studies, which were pursued with special reference to the ministry. At the age of sixteen, I joined the Young Men's Total Abstinence Society," which had been recently formed in the town of my residence; and for three years, I scrupulously observed its pledge. In my nineteenth year, during the summer recess, I visited the place of my nativity, and high and cheering were my anticipated joys, as I neared the home of my boyhood. But how deeply were those hopes blasted. I was welcomed home with every demonstration of affection, and for a few days, my happiness was unbroken. I visited old friends, and scenes and old walks. I strolled through the woods in which my boyish feet had often wandered. I sat once again in the old school house, and looked with almost reverence on the village church,—but my bliss was of short duration. I found wine was almost every where proffered to friends, and I always refused the offered glass, until, in a moment of evil, my mother pressed me to throw away my foolish scruples, and to drink wine with my youthful friends: nay, my mother's hand filled and presented me with the first glass of intoxicating drink I ever remember to have drank. Now look at me; look at me! Twenty-three years old, and all my prospects blasted—my education thrown away—my manhood dishonored, and me a miserable wreck; a poor drunken sot. Yes, I am a drunkard, and my mother made me what I am. My mother caused me to break my pledge—she urged me to drink—she made me what I am, a poor miserable drunkard. Had she not put the wine-glass to my lips; had she not bandied me with her jokes, and rallied me with her sarcasms, I should now have been a sober, respectable and useful man."

Mother! where is your influence, and what direction is it taking? Sister, are you pledged to discountenance all the causes and practices of intemperance? Mothers—Sisters—shall your sons, your brothers die a drunkard's death, and in the last great day charge their destruction to your account? Great are your responsibilities, for great indeed is your influence for good or evil.

[N. E. Diadem.

The Child of Mercy.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

When the Almighty resolved to create man, he assembled around him his highest angels, to hear their counsel.

"Create him not!"—thus spake the angel of Justice. "He will be unjust towards his brothers, and deal harshly and cruelly towards those weaker than himself."

"Create him not?"—thus spoke the angel of Peace. "He will fatten the earth with the blood of man; the first-born of his race will slay his brother."

"He will desecrate thy sanctuary with lies!"—thus spoke the angel of Truth—"even if thou shouldest stamp upon his face thine own likeness, the seal of Truth."

Thus they spoke, when Mercy, the latest born and dearest child of the Eternal Father, appeared before his throne, and fell at his feet. "Create him, Father!" she said, "in thine own image, a favorite of thy goodness. When all thy servants forsake him, I will seek him and succor him in love, and turn even his very faults to good. The heart of the weak I will make compassionate, and incline it to pity towards the weaker. When he wanders from peace and truth, when he offends against justice and righteousness, then shall the very fruits of his errors lead him back, and thy hand shall chasten him with love."

The Father of Men created man, a weak and erring creature, but even in his faults a favorite of his goodness, a child of mercy, son of a love which never forsakes him.

Remember, Oh man, thine origin, when thou art harsh and unjust! Of all God's attributes, it is Mercy which has chosen thee to life, and Mercy and Love alone shelter thee with their maternal bosom.

Looking for a Warrant.—The South Carolina Temperance Advocate tells an anecdote of a temperance lecturer who called upon Jonas Hodge to sign the pledge. Jonas assured him that he would do so, when convinced that it was his duty to do so; but that he could find no express warrant or command in the Bible for such a course. It happened before the lecturer left Jonas' house, that Jonas invited him to go into one of his fields and see a fine horse which he owned, and of which he was very proud. While Jonas was changing his position, and wholly intent upon gazing at the beautiful animal which kept prancing about, he unfortunately fell into an old well, which happened to be in his path, and from which the covering had been removed.—Jonas, rising to the surface of the water into which he had been immersed, cried lustily to his companion for help. He, determined to let *his* moderation be known, replied, "Be patient, friend Jones; be patient." Jonas expostulated, saying that the stones with which the well was walled, were slippery—that he was already benumbed with cold, and that unless assisted soon, he must perish. "Be quiet, Jonas," replied his imperturable companion; "I cannot act without an express warrant. I have taken my Bible, and commenced with Genesis, in order to find an express command to pull Jonas Hodge out of the well; as soon as I find it, I will lend you a helping hand—so hold on patiently, Jonas." It only remains to be told, that he did, in due season, lend Jonas a helping hand, notwithstanding he could find no express command in his Bible to do so, and that Jonas, thus signally rebuked and discomfitted by his cold water dose, saw the error of his ways, withdrew his objection, and signed the pledge.

Strike on.—How much like a rock in the ocean against which the waves have beat for centuries, is the man of sterling truth and robust integrity? To waves of unholy passion—to unsanctified popular applause, he cries; "Strike on, I shall not be harmed." The influence of vice is all around him; but he is unmoved. Wealth is at his command, if he will but swerve from the path of duty. No—you could as soon remove the rock in the sea.

When the great and good Algeron Sydney was about to be executed, he calmly laid his head upon the block. He was asked by the executioner if he should arise again? "Not till the resurrection—strike on," was the remarkable reply of Sydney.

When unholy power would remove you on account of your virtue, say calmly, strike on, but do not yield to sin. Be firm in your principles, even though death stare you in the face. Strike on!—be this your motto, whenever assailed by wealth or power, and gloriously will you triumph—if not in this world, in that which is to come.

A bright and beautiful bird is Hope; it will come to us mid the darkness, and sings the sweetest song when our spirits are saddest; and when the lone soul is weary, and longs to pass away, it warbles its sunniest notes, and tightens again the slender fibres of our hearts that grief has been tearing away.

MRS. BLOOMER:—The enclosed lines I found some time ago in a fragment of an old paper, without date or signature. I think they possess peculiar beauty, and should you deem them an appropriate ornament for the Lily's leaves, please give them an insertion, and oblige

A SUBSCRIBER.

Rose, Aug. 13, 1849.

The Heart's Guests.

When age has cast its shadows
O'er life's declining way,
And evening twilight gathers
Round our retiring day.
Then shall we sit and ponder
On the dim and shadowy past,
In the heart's silent chamber
The guests will gather fast.

Guests, those in youth we cherished,
Shall come to us once more,
And we shall hold communion
As in the days before.
They may be dark and sombre,
They may be bright and fair,
But the heart will have its chamber,
The guests will gather there.

How shall it be my sisters,
Who shall be our heart's guests?
How shall it be, my brothers,
When life's shadows on us rest?
Shall we not 'mid the silence
Hear voices sweet and low,
Speak the old familiar language,—
The words of long ago?

Shall we not see dear faces
Sweet smiling as of old;
Till the mists of that lone chamber
Are sunset clouds of gold.
When age has cast its shadows,
O'er life's declining way,
And evening twilight gathers
Round our retiring day?

For the Lily.

To Mary in Heaven.

We've laid thee in the grave, Mary,
And placed bright flowers upon thy tomb,
To glad our sad and mourning hearts, Mary,
And take from death its silent gloom.

Thine is a hallowed spot, Mary;
Just where you'd wish to lie,—
Sweetly sing the birds all day,
Mildly beam the stars on high.

Wilt thou still watch o'er us, Mary
Until lifes journeyings are o'er?
Then in Heaven we'll meet thee, Mary,
Where pain and parting are no more.

Geneva, Sept., 1849. LIZRIE R.

PENCIL SKETCHES.

BY IRENE.

Just beyond the limits of an old town, on the banks of the Rhine, dwelt Herrman and his dame Lisbeth, once prosperous and happy, but now degraded and miserably poor. The old time-worn house was fast crumbling beneath the shadows of the dark cliffs that jutted from the sides of the towering mountains behind it; and upon the other side, rows of tall poplars stood like grim sentinels, as if to keep back the warm sun-rays from the damp mouldy walls of that gloomy home. There was no sunlight within either, for the hearts of the two children were sorrowful, as they went forth daily to beg, and returning with but a small pittance, received harsh words and harsher stripes from the inebriate parents. The young boy often wondered if everybody's home was like his, and his spirit yearned for kindness and tenderness. Then he turned with redoubled affection to his dark-eyed sister, who shared his wanderings and his sufferings. His violin too—he loved that, for though its sounds might be discordant to others, yet its music was sweet to him.—With this he toiled for his scanty bread, and his sister followed him with her tamborine, beating out its rumbling, rattling tones, with her aching little fingers all the day long.

Sometimes when weary, they rested by the way, and watched the shadowy vapors, as they rose and fell upon the mountain side; and when the clouds now and then revealed a lofty peak that shot far up in the skies, they were both sure, from its top they might look into heaven. The young Casper often told his wondering charge that when he was taller he would lead her up there, and then the Virgin Mary would see them and hear their prayers. He believed too the angels stood upon those pinnacles, and looked down upon them with pity; and that was why he always kissed his crucific, when gazing at the far-off heights, and crossing himself, taught the youthful Meeta her Ave Marias.

At the close of one bright day they lingered longer thus, for they feared to return to their home with only the mite they had gathered.—The dreamy, thoughtful boy, after a long silence, suddenly unfolded a new plan to his sleepy little listener, but she only comprehended that he was going to leave her. Clasping her arms tightly about his neck, she cried,

"Oh don't go! don't go and leave me! They will beat me."

"Hark, Meeta, and I will tell you," and in his earnestness as he sprang up, he did not see his pet violin was in the dust—"listen and I'll tell you what I'll do. I've heard them talk in the street every day about a country that is far off in the ocean, where we can get as much as we want to eat, and everybody will give us money, and no one will beat us either. I heard Scarry say his brother picked money off the bushes there," and jumping about with delight, he caught up his violin, "I'll take this too, and play for them, and when I have as much money as I can carry I'll come back to you Meeta, and we'll have a fine house like the great people, and you will not get tired any more. You shall not walk all day then, but I'll give you soft shoes and a beautiful couch."

His eye sparkled with enthusiasm, and his step was quick and firm, as he moved along. Poor Caspar! His head was full of dreams of the Golden Land, and in spite of the tears and entreaties of the lonely Meeta, he would go. So one morning before she awoke, he kissed her fevered cheek and stole away as softly and as fast as his heavy clogged shoes would let him, scarce knowing where he went. Weeks and long months passed by, and yet Meeta mourned her lost brother.

Here is the wandering German boy in America. Alone and friendless, he strolled through the city streets, half bewildered with the novelty of all he saw, so different from his home on the Rhine. At night-fall he cried himself to sleep, and in his dreams he roamed once more in the Father-land, with his loved sister Meeta. The bright morning sun cheered his heart again, and then he went forth with the never-failing violin. The silver bits that he gained he could not keep in his pockets, they were so torn, and then he hid them in his shoes, but they soon were rugged too. So he played and sang for a little girl, if she would give him a purse from her doll's wardrobe. In this he kept all his silver pieces to carry home to Meeta, but he could nowhere find the gold he came to seek. Months passed thus, and the weary and disheartened boy wished himself in his home again—miserable as it was.

At the close of a sultry day, Caspar found his way to a broad lawn, in front of a quiet cottage on the banks of the Hudson. He sat upon the smooth green turf, and while he played his dreamy mournful eyes wandered anxiously over the closed casements. Presently a group of laughing children bounded out upon the lawn, and gathered with delight about him, as he whistled and chirped the notes of the Robin so perfectly, that the birds in the grove close by, chattered in reply.—Soon an elderly lady came out to see the ragged sunburnt boy, and as he replied in broken English to her many questions, he turned away to hide the tears that rolled fast down his cheeks.—Her's were the first words of sympathy he had heard, and he told her of his home, his sister, and the gold he sought. Meeta—Meeta, was the burden of his story, and with earnest gestures in his broken language, he made her understand why he would not lessen his little store of silver. Touched with his affection, zeal, and simplicity, she said in her heart, "they shall suffer no longer," *and she was faithful.*

Years afterwards a crowd gathered in a spacious church, to listen to the heart-felt eloquence of a German missionary, destined for the West. Every eye was bent upon him, and the eager listeners lost not a word that fell from his lips.—Eyes unused to weep, were filled with tears, and hearts that were cold and close awakened with a new and lively interest in his cause. He stood before them in the strength of his manhood; his face beaming with the purity of the spirit within. But who among them all saw in him the German minstrel-boy, who had amused them years before, with his bird-notes and the unpretending violin!

Meeta too sat among the throng. He had been to the Rhine for his orphan sister, and though he had no gold to carry to her, he possessed "a pearl of great price," and quickly led her to the same fountain where he had found it.

Who has a kind word for the stranger? Who has a ray of light for the doubly darkened minds of the emigrants?

Auburn, Sept., 1849.

DECIDEDLY RICH.—One of the parvenu ladies of our village, but would be wonderfully aristocratic in all domestic matters, was visiting a few days since at Mr. G——'s, (all know the old Major,) when, after tea, the following conversation occurred between the Major's excellent old fashioned lady and the "top-not," in consequence of the hired girl occupying a seat at the table.

Mrs. ——. Why Mrs. G——, you do not allow your hired girl to eat with you at the table? It's horrible?"

Mrs. G——. Most certainly I do. You know this has ever been my practice. It was so when you worked for me—don't you recollect?"

This was a "cooler" to silk and satin greatness; or, as the boys call it, "Codfish Aristocracy."—And after coloring and stammering, she answered in a very low voice, "Y-e-s, I b-e-l-i-e-v-e i-t w-a-s," and "sloped."—[Jackson Patriot.

Rules for Ladies.

1. Marry not a profane man; because the depravity of his heart will corrupt your children, and embitter your existence.

2. Marry not a gambler, a tippler, or a haunter of taverns; because he who has no regard for himself, will never have any for his wife.

3. Marry not a man who makes promises which he never performs; because you can never trust him.

4. Marry not a man whose actions do not correspond with his sentiments. The state of that man who regards not his own idea of right and wrong, is deplorable, and the less you have to do with him, the better.

5. Marry not a man who neglects his business; if he does so when single, he will be worse when married.

INDUSTRY.—Excellence is never granted to man, but as the reward of labor. It argues, indeed, no small strength of mind to persevere in the habits of industry without the pleasure of perceiving those advantages, which, like the hand of a clock, whilst they make hourly approaches to their point, yet proceed so slowly as to escape observation.

Pride may sometimes be a useful spring-board to the aspiring soul, but it is much more frequently a destructive stumbling-block.

THE LILY.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1849.

Woman's Rights.

Start not dear reader, as your eye rests upon the above words, nor think that we are going to nominate either you or ourself for the Governorship or the Presidency. No, it is not time to make lady Presidents yet, and for ourself we can say that we have no aspirations of the kind at present;—but according to the belief of some, the day will soon come when woman may claim her "rights," in this respect, and then we may not be backward in taking a seat in the Presidential chair, provided the good people shall so will it.

It is not our right to hold office or to rule our country, that we would now advocate. Much, very much, must be done to elevate and improve the character and minds of our sex, before we are capable of ruling our own households as we ought, to say nothing of holding in our hands the reins of government. But woman has rights which she knows not of, or knowing, disregards. She has rights of which she is deprived—or rather, of which she deprives herself. She is willing to sit down within the narrow sphere assigned her by man, and make no effort to obtain her just rights, or free herself from the oppressions which are crushing her to the earth. She tamely submits to be governed by such laws as man sees fit to make. and in making which she has no voice. We know that many of us think we have rights enough, and we are content with what we have; but we forget how many thousand wives and mothers worthy as ourselves, are compelled by the unjust laws of our land, to drag out a weary life and submit to indignities which no man would bear. It is stated that thirty thousand die annually from the effects of intoxicating drinks; an equal number of drunkards must stand ready to fall. Think of the wives and mothers of this great number—of their untold griefs—of their hidden sorrows—of their broken hearts—of their hunger and nakedness—their unwearied toil to procure a bare pittance to save their little ones from starvation—of the wretched life they lead, and the unmourned death they die. Think of all this, and then tell us not that woman has her rights. Many of the number thus destroyed inch by inch, have been reared amid all the luxuries that wealth and power can bestow. Many of them possess accomplishments that might have graced the most refined society, and who, had their lots been differently cast, would have been courted and sought after by those who now spurn them—and for what? Simply because they have been so unfortunate as to wed a drunkard—or rather because they upon whom they bestowed their young affections, and who vowed to love and protect them, have proved false to all their vows, and left them to the rough blasts of an unpitying world. What rights have the drunkards wife and children?—Who listens to their tale of woe, or lends a pitying ear to their cry?

A woman is entitled to the same rights a sman man, but does she have them? Dare men pretend that she does? What right have they to make laws which deprive her of every comfort, strips her of every friend, and dooms her to a wretched existence? And yet they do this, and then if she dare to complain, and ask to be relieved from these tyranical laws, she is thought to be out of her place, and overstepping the bounds of female delicacy! This is why they so tamely submit to martyrdom by the laws. The statute book of this free country bears upon its leaves a foul stain called a license law. By this law men are bidden to go forth and pursue a business which deprives thirty thousand annually of life—worse than murders twenty thousand wives and mothers, and sixty thousand children. For the privilege thus allowed, the law claims in return a few dollars from those who pursue this *moral* and *honorable* business! It is useless for our sex to seek redress at the hands of the law, from the cruel wrongs inflicted upon them, for it will give them none—it does not recognise their right to protection. But should they dare to raise their hand against their destroyers, and return injury for injury, then the law quickly defends its agents and metes out punishment for her who ventures to defend herself.

We ask not for the honors or emoluments of office for our sex, but we claim that they are unjustly deprived of their rights. We do not believe that man has the *right*, if he has the power, to make laws which will deprive us of any of the comforts of life—or if he does make such laws without our consent, we are not bound to obey them. Unless those who claim the power of legislating for us, will do something to ameliorate the condition of the down trodden victims of their cruel enactments, it is not only the right, but the duty of those trampled upon, to assert their claim to protection.

Home Effort.

There is too much reason to deprecate the lack of home effort, to promote the cause of temperance at the present time. Apart from the regular meeting of the Sons of Temperance, we seldom have a local temperance meeting, or hear of the doings of a local temperance society. The neighborhood and village meetings—the assembling together in school houses, public halls and churches, to talk over, discuss and devise means to rid our country of its direst foe, so common a few years since, are now almost entirely unknown. Too much reliance is placed upon lecturers from abroad. Temperance meetings can now it would seem, only be held when an agent of the State Society, or some noted advocate of temperance makes his appearance. Then an effort is made to get up a meeting—then money is advanced to pay the expenses both of the meeting and the speaker; a temporary excitement is enkindled—a fine speech is perhaps listened to, and then the subject is forgotten. No effort is made to follow up the good that has been done; the feeling is suffered to die out, and ere another speaker comes along the state of the cause is as bad or worse than before.

Now we think all this is wrong. There should be more effort made at home, and in the good old Washingtonian style. Every town, village and country must depend mainly upon its own exertions, to root out and break down the evil.—Public lecturers from abroad are well enough in their place, but they cannot do all the work.—Their meetings when properly attended, answer a good purpose; they arouse public attention, and obtain an audience from many who could not otherwise be reached. But their labors and their meetings must be preceded and followed by the united and devoted effort of every friend of the cause. Men should array themselves on the side of sobriety, not once in a year or once in six months, but every month—aye every day. The enemy is constantly at work. His recruiting houses with agents, whose business it is to induce men by false pretences, to enlist in the army of the tyrant king, stand constantly open. His flag is never struck—his watch never abandoned, but with ceaseless application he plys the arts and devices of his vocation, to lead immortal souls to irretrievable ruin. The soldiers of the temperance army should be equally vigilent. They should fight in divisions, by regiments, in companies, by platoons, and if need be, singly. Not alone when the Major General is on the field must the true soldier show himself a warrior, but equally valiently must he fight in the presence of his captain or his sergeant, and if need be, he must acquit himself right manfully when attacked alone and in single combat.

Our plea then is for more home effort, more village and town meetings—more zeal in spreading the principles of temperance in our daily walk, and among our daily associates. No town should be without a well organized temperance society. No month, or if possible, no week should be allowed to pass without the holding of a temperance meeting. When the public lecturer comes along, give him a warm reception—give him a large audience, but when he is gone, think not all the work is accomplished, but follow it up with continued and unceasing effort.

The New Cemetery.

It has long been in contemplation by the authorities of our village, to purchase the beautiful ravine and adjoining grounds, east of the village, for a burying ground. We are happy to learn that the purchase has been made, and that the grounds are now being laid out and fitted for the purposes to which they are hereafter to be devoted. Our citizens have long felt the necessity of some action being taken on this subject, and it will be a source of gratification to all, that so lovely and romantic a spot has been selected.—We believe that a name for this resting place has not yet been decided upon. We have heard several spoken of, the prettiest of which to our mind, is Glen Rest. This name was given it by a highly esteemed young lady, who has since removed from among us. Unless something prettier can be thought of, we hope this truly appropriate name may meet with the approval, and receive the sanction of those to whom it belongs to make the selection.

☞ We see by the last number of *Wright's Casket*—which, by the way, is a valuable paper, and to which we are indebted for many good articles—"that at the suggestion of several State Superintendants, and other influential friends of the cause of popular education, in different sections of the Union", the National Common School Convention, which was to have been held on the 22d of September, has been postponed to the 17th of this month, on account of the prevalence of the Cholera.

Ourself and our Paper.

The many enquiries and anxieties of friends in regard to the future publication of the Lily, seem to call upon us thus early to say something of our future course—and yet we hardly know wha to say. Many of our readers, both at home and abroad, are urging us on no account to let the paper stop, and it is our own wish that it might be continued; yet we fear unless a successor can be found to take our place, that its existance will end with the year. We have a very good circulation which we think with proper effort might be greatly increased; but we feel unequal to the task of making that effort. We engaged in this enterprize without experience, or other qualifications for such a task. Supposing we had an associate upon whom we could lean, we ventured with many misgivings upon the duties of an editor.—As is known to most of our readers, after the second number our associate left the field, and we were compelled either to abandon the enterprize, or carry it through the year as best we might with our poor abilities and inexperience. We thought the latter the most honorable course, and hence pursued our labors. We have met with favor on every hand, and found friends where we did not suppose we had been heard of. Our paper has been taken in many families who would never have thought of taking any other temperance paper, and we trust that it has done some good. All this is truly gratifying and amply compensates us for the many trials and anxieties which it has caused us. Fears were entertained by our friends, and hopes by the enemies of our cause, that the expenses would not be met and we should fail for want of support. We are most happy to disappoint them both. All expenses will be paid, and had there been no loss sustained, something more would have been realized.

We have been undecided as to the future. At times we have felt a determination to go on—to enlist all our energies in the work, and labor on for the good of the cause we have espoused.—But when we take into consideration the labor to be performed—the great responsibility of our position—the uncertainty with what liberality we should be sustained, and above all our inability to discharge the many duties devolving upon us, we shrink from the undertaking and feel impelled to retire, when the time for which we enlisted shall have expired.

Should it be decided best to continue the paper, it would be our wish to make it a semi-monthly for the same price now asked—fifty cents a year.—In order to enable us to do this, our subscription list must be doubled. This we have no doubt could be done, if our present subscribers would interest themselves in our behalf, and each of them procure one more. By this arrangement they would receive two papers, when they now have but one, and for the same price. We should be glad to act in accordance with the wishes of the majority of our readers, could we know what their wishes are, and with what zeal they would labor for us.

Should it be decided to go on with the paper, the announcement to that effect will be made in our next, and we hope that our readers will stand ready to respond to our call, and sustain us in our labors. We are under many obligations to individuals of both sexes, who though strangers to us, have exerted themselves with great success in our behalf. It is upon such assistance that we must rely principally, if assistance be needed, in our future course.

To Correspondants.

S. E.—Yours is respectfully declined. It is very well written, but though it may be a subject dear to yourself, it would fail to interest others.

B.—We are sorry not to publish your article, but it is very long, and we think not exactly suitable for our paper; besides, we have often heard the subject handled in the same manner. Please excuse us.

M. E. M., of Phelps.—Yours was duly received, and set up for the September number, but was unavoidably crowded out. We designed giving it in this number, but much to our regret find that our printers have distributed the type, and lost the manuscript.

The Lily has been on our exchange list fourteen weeks, and our paper has been regularly mailed during that time.—[Pub. Star.

Fourteen weeks! That just makes our saying true, Mr. Star. The Lily has been published *ten months*, during the last three of which you have favored us with an exchange. But as Mr. Chipman excuses himself by saying he supposed it was sent regularly, and expresses the hope that all will go right hereafter, we cheerfully forgive the neglect, and respond to the wish. However had we been deprived of the illuminations of the Star during all the time we were neglected, we should not have borne the slight with so good a grace, but should have scolded right hard about it.

Eliza Cook's Journal.—This is the title of an octavo weekly, the first three numbers of which we have received. All who have been delighted with the poetical productions of this sweet English poetess, will doubtless give her Journal a hearty welcome. Her editorial address is very fine, and if she but follows it up with matter as good, her Journal will rank among our best miscellanies. Thus far it reads very well. Experience as an editor will no doubt add greatly to the merits of the work.

Published at 80 Nassau Street, New York, at $1,50 per annum.

The Lady's Book for October is received. It contains its usual amount of interesting reading matter, and is embellished with numerous engravings, some of which are very fine. The one which interests us most is the portrait of Fredrika Bremer, which is said to be a correct likeness of this celebrated Sweedish writer. Truly in her case the countenance is an index to the heart.—The colored fashion plates are very fine, and greatly excel the coarse unfinished wood cuts. The representations of female costume from the days of Louis XIV, appear to us very singular and ridiculous, and we cannot realize that our great, great grandmothers should ever adopt such frightful fashions. Compared with them how neat and simple appears the costume of our day.

☞ The citizens of New Haven, Ct., with commendable and exemplary liberality and public spirit, have subscribed $10,000 to be appropriated as far as necessary, for the suppression of the *lawless traffic* in intoxicating drinks in that city.

☞ The editor of the Worcester Ca... ter giving an account of some spirited temper... meetings recently held, at which strong re... tion were passed in favor of *ballot-box* ... makes the following truthful remarks which tem... perance *voters* will do well to reflect upon. Not till they make up their minds to enter with their whole hearts into the war, and with a full determination to crush at a blow the monster with which they have been so long fooling, can they expect to see the triumph of temperance principles. When they once enter into the contest in earnest, and in the right way, speedy success will follow:

Thus the *ballot-box leaven* is beginning to work all over the land, and when "the whole lump" of the teetotal mass of the people is thus leavened into action at the polls, then will law, temperance, and humanity triumph. How superlatively foolish it is for the friends of temperance to *vote* for rum-selling, rum-drinking, and rum-sympathizing legislators, and then humbly *petition*, and expect them to legislate for the suppression, or even for any degree of restraint upon the traffic of intoxicating drinks? *Do Whigs*, or *Democrats*, or *Free-soilers* vote for those, who are *known* to be, or are even *suspected* of being opposed to the principles and policy of their respective political parties?—Does the wise and careful husbandman sow "*tares*" as the seed for a crop of "*wheat*,"—plant broom-corn to fill his crib with a harvest of golden ears,—or engraft a *crab apple* cion to produce the "*golden sweeting?*" So, can the wise and consistent friend of temperance expect to pluck the legislative fruit of *teetotal laws* from the rumocratic branches, grafted by his own hand through the agency of the ballot-box?

"A New and Progressive Pledge."—The following is the new pledge which has been adopted and acted upon to considerable extent by the people of Massachusetts and other parts of New England. How speedily could our country be rid of the evils of intemperance, would temperance men but act consistently with their professed principles and carry out the spirit of this pledge:

Pledge.—We, the members of this Association, hereby publicly pledge ourselves, each unto the other, and to the world, that we will henceforth neither *make, buy, sell, use*, nor *give away* any intoxicating liquor *as a beverage*:—that we will *neither allow* it to be manufactured, sold, or stored, *in any building* under our ownership or control, *nor will we patronize* any establishment, where it is thus either given away, stored, sold, or manufactured:—and that we will *vote* for *none but temperance men* for any State, County, or Municipal Offices, and for *such temperance men only*, as are in some way publicly pledged to give both their *personal*, and *official* influence to the enactment, and enforcement of a law, for the suppression of the traffic of intoxicating drinks.

Written for the Lily.

Mrs. Bloomer:—I suppose I must accede to your wish, to write, but I have taken up my pen without knowing what I shall write about. I do not want to see the Lily neglected, for I think it is calculated to do a great amount of good. To my mind each succeeding blossom is an improvement upon its predecessor. The idea which has obtainded from time immemorial, that female hands are best adapted to the culture of flowers, is in this instance as in all others true. If to the lighter labor of females, can be added a little of the more sturdy strength of manhood, how pure and perfect a blossom may be produced, diffusing its fragrance throughout our land. I am really

that the predictions of those (enemies of the cause of temperance and of female progress) who thought the chilling blasts of its first winter, or the heat of the summer, would cause it to droop and die, will utterly fail. Not however because of their good will towards it, but because there are those who contribute to its support, and to its columns, who are imbued with a spirit of pure philanthropy and a deadly hatred of that which will intoxicate, and who are resolved to unite their energies to stay the progress of the demon intemperance, and show it in every light which will bring to view its huge deformities.

In endeavoring to increase the circulation of the Lily, I have sometimes heard such "*arguments*" as that class of ladies have on hand, who are opposed to any measures calculated to elevate woman above her present low position. "I cannot give my support," say they, "to any thing which will bring my sex so much into public notice, etc." Without endeavoring to refute such "*arguments*" we will merely enquire who those ladies are.—They will invariably be found to be those who are too well satisfied with their own present condition; those who do not *think*. They are creatures of impulse. Perfectly satisfied with the frivolous manner in which their time is passed, they think not—know not, that they were designed or capacitated for any thing higher or better. What? immortal beings satisfied with the shadow of something real? satisfied with letting the ennobling faculties with which they are endowed, lay dormant; thus depriving themselves of real enjoyment in this life, and of the highest and most holy enjoyments of a life eternal! Their thoughts occupied with the vain fooleries of fashionable life; their conversation made up of sickly sentimentality, destitute of an ennobling sentiment, or of deep thought: their language distorted, crippled and deformed, by affected pronunciation which they mistake for soundness of ideas. How different is language thus used from that of a woman who first knows what ideas she wishes to convey, then has sufficient sense to use the most appropriate words, and having naturally a rich, full, mellow voice, has schooled it to vary the intonations so as to give the most perfect expression to her thoughts, and above all, *articulating each word distinctly*. People of discernment will be disgusted with the one, for attempting to use the *medium* by which ideas are conveyed, for the *ideas*, while they will be delighted with the other for using *language* as the *medium of ideas*. The day has passed for pretension to be taken for reality, or the shadow for the substance. While so many vices walk at noonday through the land, does it not seem to be the duty of all, to use their endeavors to prevent them? Sisters, it is in our power to do away with much of the degradation and misery of our sex. Should we be satisfied until we at least raise them to a level with ourselves? If not till then, the close of life only, will end our labors. Each effort we make has a twofold effect; it is as beneficial to ourselves as to those for whom we make it: thus widening our sphere of usefulness, increasing our knowledge and perfecting us in morals and in virtue.

"Motion—action—progress, are the words which now fill the vaults of heaven with their stirring demands, and make humanity's heart vibrate with a stronger bound." If you cannot advance, stand aside; do not hinder the progress of others. Intemperance and its accompanying vices enslave their thousands: if you will not lend your energies to break the chains that bind them, do not prevent others who are willing to do so.—There is enough for all to do; "the world is becoming more and more known; wider in magnitude; closer in interest; more loving and more eventful than of old. Not in deeds of daring; not in the ensanguined field; not in chains and terrors; not in blood, and tears, and gloom; but in the leaping, vivifying, exhilerating impulses of a better birth of the soul." Reader, are you doing your part in this work? ANN.

Waterloo, Sept. 14, 1849.

For the Lily.

* * Do ye not hear the music of the streamlet by the wayside, and in the valley? And have ye not seen how the water-cress, and the lily bud and blossom down in the depths of the forest by the side of the dancing brook. whose glittering spray nourishes the beautiful plants? Have ye not seen the rustic maiden after a ramble in the wild wood, with the "Lily of the valley," emblem of Innocence, placed carefully upon her bosom—meet, aye, a fitting emblem of one so lovely? And see the sage student, who has gathered simples from the brook-side, as he reads a lesson from every blossom; upon which does he gaze with so much delight as upon *this* type of purity, of innocent childhood. He looks upon its snowy petals and a vision of the past is before him; again a fond mother turns her soulful eyes upon his face, and he reads the tale she so often breathed in his ear:

"My son, may thy life be as pure and thy spirit as yielding as is this little flowret that bends its tiny cup by the pure spring in the valley; and when time and distance bear thee from me, and thou shalt no longer listen to my voice, then when thou wanderest by the way-side. gather the simple and the true, and linger again over the lessons that were taught thee in thy sunny childhood, for they will remind thee of thy guileless purity, and of the counsel I have so often given thee, to shun the wine cup, and quaff from nature's fountain that which refreshes and purifies the soul as it nourishes this fragile flower.—Cold water will not excite thee, and there will be no reaction, no burning brow, no hours of penitance, no resolutions broken; and thy life will flow peacefully as a river, and pure as this snowy blossom."

Virtue abides in a cottage as well as in a palace, and more blessed are those who dip the hermit shell in the limpid stream than "he who sips the ruby wine from a jeweled goblet." So may *our* Lily bear a lesson of purity, of high resolve, of noble effort, into the homes of the down-fallen inebriate, and awake to renewed exertion those who are slumbering at their posts, unmindful of the wretchedness of those homes, and forgetting that to labor and to hope should be our motto.

Go on, then, emblem of purity, and may each successive month find thy pearly leaves as richly imbued with *truth* as when they were first unfolded.

Perryville, N. Y. LITA.

Every misery that I miss is a new mercy.

CONCORD, Mich., Sept. 11, '49.

DEAR EDITORS OF "THE LILY":—With feelings of pleasure have I watched the opening of the bud, which has expanded into a flower. I have hailed its appearance as an omen of good to the poor rum drinking beings that daily walk our streets. I have loved the gentle fragrance diffused from its leaves. and I have prayed that Heaven might bless the guardians of the beautiful Lily—and it will, sisters! Go on in the glorious cause in which you have engaged, and when the bright star of Temperance shall reach its zenith, it will look with love on the humble Lily, and bless the cherishing hands that have attended it through clouds and sunshine, joys and sorrows, and have watered it from truth's pure stream, until it has become a mighty branch, bearing fruits whose virtues have raised and upheld the fallen victim of intemperance. And now as the mild breezes of reform passes gently along, it bears with it the odors of the "The Lily," and scatters it through every part of our Union. Then go on in the good work—and should you live to see the tyrant Alcohol banished, oh! what joy to think you helped overthrow him. Then let no disappointments discourage you, and blessings will attend your labors.

Your unknown friend,

A. T. B.

GRIEF AND TEARS, crime and wretchedness are the effects of Rum. Hearts are broken, minds distracted and thousands are made miserable annually, merely to gratify the selfishness of a few unfeeling individuals who are permitted to fill their purses by trafficing in human life. The thief puts his hand into the pocket of his victim, and being detected is arraigned before the tribunal of justice and punished according to the laws of the land. The assassain strikes his dagger to the heart of his victim, and the warm tide of human life flows out. The base wretch is seized, tried, and the gallows is his doom. But that most dangerous of all criminals, the *rumseller*, has the privilege of poisoning as many of his fellow-creatures as he can. No law prohibits him, no jury is empanneled to try him for gradually stealing out human life, no judge to pronounce sentence upon the murderer. He is licensed to steal the bread from the mouth of the starving wife and child, to deprave the noblest hearts, to darken the brightest intellects, to cause the most sacred ties to be broken, and to spread discord and strife throughout the land. He robs the poor and honest laborer of his earnings and plants the seeds of corruption in his breast, from which springs a spirit reckless and devilish, which hurries him to the dungeon, the gallows, the poor-house, or the insane asylum. Wealth is converted to poverty—poverty to misery—happiness to woe—peace to discord—love to hatred—virtue to vice—and man to a devil, by Rum, the greatest enemy to mankind, the scourge that stalks over the earth at noonday.

Tears—bitter tears of anguish are shed copiously. Wails, loud and pitiful, go up from the hearts of the unfortunate victims of the rum traffic. Yet the rumseller closes his ears, hardens his heart, and goes on in his work of corruption. He hears the prayers of the wife and the mother, but heeds them not. He sees the evil effects of the business in which he is engaged, but he perverts the dictates of his own conscience.

Oh, how long will men look in silence upon this wrong, this damnable rum traffic? How long will the laws of a Christian people uphold and sanction it? [Cayuga Chief.

Past scenes are recollected with a solemn sadness, which is caused by the thought that the time is gone, and that it will never return.

Selected for the Lily.

My Mother's Voice.

My mother's voice! I hear it now,
I feel her hand upon my brow
As when, in heart felt joy,
She raised her evening hymn of praise,
And called down blessings on the days
Of her lov'd boy.

My mother's voice! I hear it now!
Her hand is on my burning brow,
As in that early hour,
When fever throbbed through all my veins,
And that kind hand first soothed my pains
With healing power.

My mother's voice! it sounds as when
She read to me of holy men—
The Patriarchs of old;
And gazing downward in my face,
She seemed each infant thought to trace,
My young eyes told.

It comes—when thoughts unhallowed throng,
Woven in sweet deceptive song—
And whispers round my heart
As when, at eve, it rose on high;
I hear, and think that she is nigh,
And they depart.

Though round my heart, all, all beside—
The voice of friendship, love, had died—
That voice would linger there,
As when, soft pillowed on her breast,
Its tones first lulled my infant rest,
Or rose in prayer.

Lockport, June 18, 1849.

Husbands and Wives.

How often it is said in the present day that men and women are falsely placed with regard to each other. According to one party men are too strong, and women too weak, and they demand that women's prerogative be greatly increased—they would make men of them at once. Others consider that by a different course of education, which should direct their minds to great objects, women would quietly assume a position equal to that of men, without any more active interference. A third and large party assert that, so far from men being the stronger, they have always been the victims of the other sex. There is perhaps some truth in each of these propositions; but when we consider that men have always been the law-makers, there may be a suspicion of their having secured to themselves an undue portion of the powers and privileges of social life. It is so easy to make a law in favor of one's self, that we think there is a chance of the suspicion being well founded. On the other hand, the small amount of truth which we have supposed to exist in the propositions above stated, is completely swamped by the presence of a load of injustice. The destiny of man or woman, husband and wife, is the same; each has certain duties to perform, which, of themselves, combine for the mutual advantage, as truly and beautifully as the ingrafting of two trees will produce one excellent kind of fruit. If men and women, when brought together by marriage, and who have to live together for the whole of their lives, would make up their minds to be as charitable to each other's failings, as much disposed to mutual forbearance, and considerateness towards each other's feelings in private, as they appear to be when in the presence of their friends, we should hear much less about injustice and false position. To use a common expression, what is fair for one is fair for the other, in the married state there should be the strictest equality. The husband must come down from the position of master, not that his place may be taken by the woman,—

"For woman is not undevelop'd man,"

but that she may be the sharer of his pleasures, hopes and joys, as she has ever been the partaker of his pains, fears, and sorrows. There is nothing more beautiful than friendship; and the friendship of husband and wife insures the highest earthly happiness. Many married men consider themselves fully justified in passing most of their evenings away from home, among their companions. If this be fair for the man, it is equally fair for the woman to go out and visit her friends also. If it be essential that the woman have always a smile ready to greet her husband when he enters, it is equally essential that he should bring good humor and a pleasant countenance with him. True, he may be troubled and annoyed with business cares; but, is she not troubled and annoyed, and often to a greater degree, with family and household cares, with this difference, that, while she is always amongst hers, the man by his more active out-door life, does, in some measure, modify his. If it be fair for the husband to keep the purse, it is fair that the wife should know how much or how little there may be in it. There must be no secrets on either side; what the man knows the woman ought to know. In cases of difficulty, woman's *feeling* will often suggest a better remedy than the man's *reason*. The case might be met by the mutual recognition of one common purpose and object, combined with respect for different views regarding its attainment. Generally speaking, it may be said that there wants for man, more of sympathy, for woman, more of discretion:

"The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear,
And something every day they live,
To pity, and perhaps forgive."

[Wright's Casket.

Sewing Machine.

The Ladies will have reason to congratulate themselves, when they learn that a machine has been invented which entirely takes off their hands all the tedious and laborious operation of sewing, and executes it in as elegant a manner, and with much more expedition than the most accomplished seamstress. An account of this invention is given in the Manchester Examiner, which states that a number of these machines have recently been constructed in that city. The inventor, M. B. Thimonier, is a native of a village near Lyons, in France, at which place the apparatus has for some time been in use. The linen or other material to be sewed is passed across an aperture, on a small stand or table, underneath which is a contrivance for fixing the bobbin of thread, and above which is a peculiarly constructed needle-holder, supplied with a needle of the description generally employed in crochet work. This needle is put in operation by means of a small foot-board under the table, upon the pressure of which it passes through the substance and aperture, hooks up the thread, and in this manner commences the stitch. By successive movements of the foot-board, the needle is raised and depressed, and each succeeding stitch is brought up within the former one, thus forming what is styled by ladies the "back stitch." The work performed by this ingenious contrivance is said to be of surpassing elegance, and the apparatus may be applied to every species of needle-work, whether fine or coarse. However astonishing this may be to our fair readers, upon reflection it will not appear any more so than much of the ordinary machinery used in our cotton and woolen manufactories, and not half so singular as many of the other novel inventions which are daily brought before the public. But even if its merits have not been exaggerated, we question whether the extraordinary nature of the innovation would not too much interfere with the usual arrangements of domestic duties, and the long established habits of skillful housewives, to obtain for it an easy introduction.—[Wright's Casket.

☞ Some descendant of Solomon has wisely remarked, that those who go to law for damages are sure to get them!

The amount of beer brewed last year in Flanders, amounted to nearly £800,000.

Aristocracy.

There are men—we blush to call them men—who turn up their noses at the mechanic and humble laborer. Being liberally educated as it is called—they look down with a sort of contempt on those, who in some cases have contributed to their support. "You need not despise a spinning wheel," said an old lady to her pompous son, one day, "for many a night have I worked at it to get money to send you to school." There are women, too, who will not touch a needle with their delicate hands, who laugh at the poor and industrious, who learn trades, or work in factories, for a living. "La! how unrefined they are," she says, with a scornful smile, as she lounges on the sofa, reading the last pink novel. We once knew a lady—shall we call her a lady?—of this complexion. She was loudly belaboring a poor, hard working girl, calling her low and unrefined. "Why," said she, "her father was nothing but a low mechanic." "Yes," remarked a woman present, "her father was a mechanic. I knew him well, for he lived in the same neighborhood with your mother, when she went out a washing." There, reader, if you had been present, you would have seen a strange confusion of face, and heard a vain attempt to utter something too prickly to come out. It stuck in her throat. When we hear men or women speak lightly of the industrious part of the community, we feel just like tracing back their genealogy. We have done so in several instances, and you would be surprised at what we learned. The most aristocratic man of our acquaintance is the grandson of a fiddler; the proudest woman, the daughter of a wash-woman. It betrays a lack of good sense to condemn or look with contempt on any virtuous person, however poor he or she may be. The wise and good respect and love goodness wherever it is found.

[Wright's Casket.

Be Firm.—The wind and the waves may beat against a rock, planted in a troubled sea, but it remains unmoved. Be you like that rock, young man. Vice may entice, and the song and the cup may invite. Beware—stand firmly at your post. Let your principles shine forth unobscured. There is glory in the thought that you have resisted temptation and conquered. Your bright example will be to the world what the light-house is to the mariner upon the sea-shore. It will guide hundreds to the point of virtue and safety.

It is often profitable for the keeping us humble that others know and represent our faults.

[Thos. A. Kempis.

Temperance House,

AT SENECA FALLS.

THE undersigned has opened Woodworth's Hotel (formerly the Seneca House) as a Temperance House, for the accommodation of the public. The alterations and repairs which the premises have recently undergone conduce to render it an agreeable stopping-place for the wayfarer, and no effort will be spared to give satisfaction to those who are reasonable in their desires.

A good hostler will always be in attendance.

ISAAC FULLER.

Jan. 22, 1849.

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